

OZ

SATIRICAL MONTHLY

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The Spirit of Australia



An Australian Catechism

IN Australia one may not read about, write about or think about us. In fact, one may only practice it in so far as it is necessary to keep the population figures respectable.

ONE should not mention *unimpaired, unimpaired* Royalty or the R.N.I., or god, or do anything else that might conceivably cause the least embarrassment to any single person.

SOLDIERS have died for such freedom. May their souls rest in peace.

Rob. Bruce Barker
Victoria!

PEN PALS' PAGE

Sir,

The politics and facilities of dormitories, sandwiches and drink were just very deliciously by *Meat* at his White Beach party story last month.

As Margherita Lusk and about Penny AM, the first must was that I told a guy and enjoyable story — but, of course, the important thing was the sex.

The great meet about the sex here was that it was so easy to type the style so refreshingly simple and the ideas so sufficient — like a breath of lay-out-someone, boy-dog-dog-dog and things.

And yet, although I was all about the Age of Intermixion and Sydney's own *rejoice* the people, I was imagining few things ever calculated to fit Puritanism, everyday, common, etc., with one mighty past along. But what will happen to our bodies if they read that?

How do you tell them that there are their bodies or those who live on that one youth who never the from down on Saturday? That too is a tale they have in their hand a thousand times before!

Recently enough, the only people within an ear of being, compared are all the Mums and Dads, and for reason that ask you will be lucky to get off with three months' hard labour — meaning Dennis is still working for you.

T.P.
Green Ness, NSW.

Sir,

David Blair's suggestion to lighten prostitution is a worth consideration, especially at this time when other off-camera procedures may be lightened. He will realize, of course, that it is only the businessmen who get locked in this country. The printer and the fly go free.

The catch is, of course, that the taxpayer will see an opportunity to tax all these, and a secretary will be required to record all the transactions. To avoid taxation, the fly will try to take her charms further underground. As an editor, I suppose it will then be only a short step to taxation of that kind institution, marriage. Devices could obviously be even more highly taxed.

Let's not stir up the women's sex.

I have a possible alternative solution to one of his women, namely, natural disease. Let's all get premeditated for VD: The Commonwealth Serum Laboratories could cook up the vaccines if they used hard enough, and then we could use the hardened materials as the paper pads, to make sure the new vaccines did not harm.

Leslie Rae.

The times are changing and some of us find it disturbing.

Great air-conditioned cars spring up overnight, loaded with life, gleam with glass. The little old roller of Victorian Sydney crumble, those comfortable dirty offices with their leather chairs and heavy wooden desks, the tea shops where one could sit for hours over a pot of tea — every day go before the gaze of con-

struction. Baroque-like buildings march-room under the doubtful gaze of Langston State. Approved shopping centres filter the landscape.

Now is, unfortunately restricted to buildings. University students thus not divide from the set scenes for fear of poor essay marks and low end-of-the-year grades. Inquiries and research are stifled, and the result is a group of technically qualified, but academically ignorant graduates, all of whom have read the same texts, studied from the same revised notes and repeat the same viewpoint.

One of the great indicative fields in perhaps that of theatre. The Elizabethan Theatre struggles on, amidst other scenes, surviving private houses. The big professional theatre chains, like J.C.W. and Garrick Circle, may stage one or two noteworthy dramas, such as "Season of Slaughter" and be forced to follow these up with several examples of pre-packaged musical melodrama. Only the tiny theatres, such as the Ensemble Theatre, and Pocket, can hope to run at anything approaching a profit, and then only because they are supported by a hard core of passionate devotees, who can be counted upon to come to every production, year in and year out.

Theatre, art and music fight a losing battle. The great men of Sydney people have lost the ability to think analytically, fuelled with outdated political truisms, garbed with the commonest language of the affluent society, they are content to live out the pleasure of their days in a champagne-glazed world of illusions. Interpreting young men used to wonder what they could contribute to the world, now they ask only for the comfort afforded to twenty-five pounds a week and an expensive account.

And the Greeks, Lucan's, Pindar... Indeed, the past itself—all these are, in their own way, as phony and pseudo as their social partners from the Eastern suburbs and the North Shore. All of them are trying to attract someone from the area, very few have the drive necessary to contribute to Sydney life. Seeking the security of unprovokedness, they become, because of their weakness, not number contributors in the process.

Take *OZ* itself. A magazine whose editorial commitment is "independent and objective criticism of the Australian scene", it is perhaps the institution that that's happened around town in a decade. And what a reception *OZ* received! Scoreboard readers slumped in their chairs, ordered their drinks and murmured to their local members. Footballers pondered their past. And the very squares which of the live ground into spots.

Sydney is dying of apathy, choking under the ever-conquering pace of its own necessary modernisation. Within weeks new spirit of individualism, some kind of creative ideas, place men, Sydney will be and another concrete canyon—a dead monolith to her citizens' politicians.

—IAN BODDEN.

All About OZ

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* *OZ* will now appear on the first of every month. It is available from street-corner vendors, city railway bookshops and larger city newspapers. Collins Book Depot distributes *OZ* in Melbourne, Mary Martin's Bookshop sells *OZ* in Adelaide.

* The price for a subscription has not altered. Complete the coupon in this issue.

* Back copies of *OZ* are available for a shilling each — issues 2 to 6.

* Circulation has now reached 10,000. Advertising rates are cheap, and in future *OZ* will publish a classified column — 15j., but keep it brief.

Royal Australian Navy

last October, 3 villages lost their lives in a winter during a long procession of Haysan Island.

- In 1906, the tugboat *Tahard* died near a wharf on the Breckers River.
- October, 1940, the ammunition-carrier *Winnemuccia* blew up and sank. Two ratings were killed and the 28 survivors were attacked by Japanese planes. They struggled in the water to stay afloat but nearly an hour before rescue ships arrived.
- September, 1940, the destroyer *Tulevich* was holed by the sister destroyer *Astoria* during gunnery exercises off Jarvis Bay.
- July, 1946, the destroyer *Vambolt* crashed into a minefield at the Willamette bar, Astoria.

Become a disabled seaman now! For returns at 17, we offer full adult returns.

The following profile of that unhappy pair of words, "voyager" and "ideal," with its incredible exposure of MAN's incapacity, was written by a doctor amazingly enough in his condition of mental agony, death, "Things I Hear," on April 28, 1940.

only three years ago on February 12th, 1977, when the last known bushy-tailed woodrat was shot.

[illegible][illegible]

1. What is the purpose of the study?
 2. What are the research objectives?
 3. What is the research design?
 4. What are the variables?
 5. What are the data sources?
 6. What are the data collection methods?
 7. What are the data analysis methods?
 8. What are the results?
 9. What are the conclusions?
 10. What are the limitations?
 11. What are the implications?
 12. What are the future research directions?

As you can imagine, for any island nation the whole defence system must rely upon a successful and modern navy.

The strength of a movie depends very largely on the supporting cast. Although it can carry off a mediocre script, it can't make a mediocre script any more successful. It can carry off a mediocre script, by means of adequate cast members. Once upon a time, in the good old days, we had two of them. But then we decided to do away with the Sydney. So now we have—well, just one, the Melbourne. That's a lot for about two months at present. A lot of a party with us at a slight disadvantage, of course.

As you can imagine, it is hardly likely that any future war or attack would last that long. I think I can safely say that, no matter where the smoke came from, it is almost irresistible for our navy ever actually to get to that point enough to participate.

In other words, if you can survive the duration of procedures in our navy, I promise that you have nothing to fear in the case of war.

Good luck then, gentlemen. Remember—don't up and keep your life-packets always at hand!

THAT WAS ... FEBRUARY

LAST month we received a charming little note from our Melbourne distributor "regretting to advise" that the Victorian Customs Department as well as the Vice Consul of Victoria Police had advised "to withdraw this issue from sale".

"Victorian customs" we had always understood to mean "the make of business character" at the end of the last century and here obviously was a department that was prepared to live right up to its definition. This in the third time in as many months that publications available in other States have been banned in Victoria.

To Australians anywhere and Victorians in particular, this is an insult. What is more, it is subversive. While Australia is elsewhere attempting to export the image of a rugged, warlike race, the Customs Department is apparently trying to get away from the fact that it has a lot of fat men, no teeth and the sight of three men at a street is enough to placate us to the depths of depravity. Or is it that we are so deeply rugged that to see only shins or feet about us is sufficient to precipitate us into mass outrage and riots—a kind of dirty rag to the bull?

All the most men very strange to me (European immigrants, of whom Melbourne has a large (but declining) population. After all, in Europe—with the notable exception of England—nude men are so freely available that they are really regarded as quite a bore. It must come as a surprise to the fellow-countrymen of Cheever, Robinson or Boccaccio that in 1944 Australia should be deemed an indecent nation.

Since virtually all Australians are descendants from that Obsolete Continent, Europe, one must assume that in transit to the Great South Land a sublimating process occurred. Apparently, while passing over the Equator, our national mind went to the influence of what we read. Suddenly broke so that we all became firmly and irresistibly susceptible to the effects of porn and amor.

The apogee of it all is that we understand the Customs Department is considering the Victorian incident also both New South Wales and South Australia, where OF No. 2 was freely available, is a steadily aimed to maximize Victoria as a sensitive, hard-life territory.

Interviewed at his Albany country-box, one of the officials told a reporter: "To hell with the apes and trout-fry! I haven't got a copy of OF for myself yet!"

THE editors have informed us that this month is OF's first but attempt to take the Victorian magazine market by

storm, the Customs Dept and Melbourne Vice Consul protesting.

Of course, somehow it has happened that almost every major publication in Australia has its headquarters in Sydney. But, afraid of losing up the lucrative Southern market, they throw in a "Melbourne letter" copy—*Bottoms on Melbourne Spy*—to soften the blow and make Victoria feel as though we're fully included in their economics and King's Bridges and things. And so the editors have humbly requested: Could I do a small piece on Victoria, please, just as I did on the other States?

Well, frankly, my geography is not what it might be, and, a bit confused about the relationship I was aiming at, I decided to look "Victorian" up in the big Oxford Dictionary. You can imagine my confusion at finding the following definition:

1. The word employed as a phrase of derision. That reminded me of one of those terrible Melbourne tocs—*a Swell*—in which you can find something as silly as the Victorian Imperial and the other prancing him up against his lady-love.

2. A light, low, four-wheeled carriage having a collapsible hood, with seats (usually) for two persons and an elevated seat at front for the driver. Sounded like a fantastic vehicle representing the bourgeois spirit with Mr. Binks at the helm.

3. A phrase (used of water-lily). Mr. Binks again?—top lily in the smallest pond.

4. A variety of place characterized by an (average) flower and rich red colour. Obviously a dry reference to that plummy Grammar School accent.

5. A variety of domestic pigeon. Mr. Binks, he's dead out at full gallop!

6. One of the names of the moon. No comment.

HOW ATTITUDES CHANGE. Almost a year ago now our first issue caused so much offence that we were brought before the courts and fined. Amongst the "offensive" articles was an interview with two abortionists and an abortionist.

This month NATION'S "Melbourne Spy" (nearly the worst spy in captivity) interviewed an abortionist and the State Health Minister, conference of Melbourne man confronted with a woman "To allow my girl who is pregnant, but forbidden to marry on account of age to have her pregnancy terminated at her own request by a qualified medical practitioner."

Abortion will never be legalized in this country but—who knows?—some day it may actually be legal to discuss the important question openly.

ATTITUDES CHANGE BUT CENSORSHIP RUNS. GIVES 65% AND 65% Month by month we attempt to document the appalling extent of Australian censorship and attempt to draw attention to our country's capacity to create for repression.

But never imagine that this censorship is newly found. Way back in January, 1934, H. G. Wells addressed an audience at Sydney's Waverley Hotel and had this to say:

"I have dreadful stories of illiterate people who interfere with your radio sets. I have dreadful stories of half-educated pot-smokers who destroy what is valuable in your books and who intercept books, speakers and writers at your ports. That kind of thing is an average average fiction. You see a half-Polish country and you get rid of every form of censorship."

BURNING QUESTION OF THE MONTH. Can Jack Ruby counter the upbringing of Judge E. Brown?

So far Ruby has done a fair job displaying a considerable emotional range. At one stage he is more worried about his recording machine (which he imagines makes him look like Lee Oswald) than the trial or in considering a hanging from a condemned in court, of which he is thinking in terms nervously or breaking into bursts of profanity. He has gone to the limits for composure (conspicuous phrases) and expressed himself "extreme, betrayed" by the huge Texas courage, which he said great his trial "last".

But at this moment the Judge appears to have all the honour and must be tipped to win, so long as he can retain jurisdiction of the trial, which shouldn't be too hard seeing this occasion rests with him. On the first day he "launched into the court, clearing away from and away, a paper" saying he felt "bored over the weekend". Previously, we are told, he seemed bored at the trial of a witness when he felt the bench to miss a picture of her, so he obviously has a lot of emotions still in reserve.

I must say that I had felt a big contribution to judicial integrity by the Perry Mason series and a lightning love for G. & S's "Tied by Jury" but even I felt a bit shocked when Judge Brown announced "if somebody's going to run this case, it's going to be me". It was that "it" that troubled me.

Incidentally, Brown and Ruby—when they finish off their careers—must join Mrs. Tipton and Mrs. Oswald in the four most likely to make personal fortunes out of the Kennedy assassination.

ONCE upon a time the Yanks used to complain that they were the only ones who said what they were going to do, the Russians being satisfied to say what they had done and to leave unsaid what they hadn't.

This month the Americans again failed to take the much-wanted close-up of the moon's surface with Ranger VI but, being anything else to congratulate themselves on, their scientists were content by "the fact of nonachievement" of being 20 miles from its planned target. Now that point, best known to be that we only know what the target was ultimately and — well — there's just the faintest suspicion

I shot a rocket in the air,
It fell to ground I knew not where
What? Upon the moon it's come to meet
THAT must be where I was aiming for

RAY CASTLE recently presented that Lord Mayor Harry Jensen has a financial interest in the firm now operating legislative stampers. A hilarious revelation stretching that most ill-dramatic on the city or least comical to have vested interests.

Which raises the pertinent question how much would an otherwise sane or hard cash man vote from treasuries of office due to personal contacts and favours, however general, measured? No doubt if Harry did nothing more than go into Public Relations work when his term

expired, his Lordship Jensen would have proven a very strong financial pork.

At present the Saskatchewan alderman was standing trial for the alleged extortion of 1300 acres from a development company while, on the face of it there is the world of difference between straightforward extortion and the substance of Public Relations work, basically the best service also holding public office in a very profitable business, whatever your attitude.

HOW late can the organ last? Free, right and television are pushing the Beatles just as far as they can get but the publicity wagon may have much to dash the wheel.

The Beatles will not be here until late June. By that time the newspapers may have run out of things to say, the politicians may have exhausted their fraudulent antipatriotism, virility may have been covered as a virtue — and then the Beatles' Other side may dry.

But while the sun will shine, Britain is congratulating herself on the welcome dollar-earning consequences. The Prime Minister announced that this year there would be no dollar crisis thanks to "a group of young men using techniques which Mr. Butler and I could have found it difficult to explain" (I think Sir Alec should at least have given it a try). He went on to say that "youth could do some things better than age and race" (Sgt. "Telegraph", Feb. 17), which is very true.

Of course, the dream an American researcher goes further than the dollars while the Beatles are carried from appearances and record sales. While they were in America it must have cost the security boys a fortune to keep them safe. At least there are rumours on every floor of the hotel in which they stayed, including the basement.

The basement was seemed happen "I can always see the prime minister — and it's good training," he said.

"We got the Latin-Chey fight next week and then the President comes on February 12. We should know how to protect anyone by then."

Let's hope so, anyway

— Nelson

► Hear Ye! Hear Ye! ► *Announcing the formation of* **Accident Viewers' Association**

Owing to the tremendous popularity of Spectator Sports, and Spectatorship, in general, in this country, Australia, the land of the Spectator . . . we of the Transport Department, in close conjunction with the Department of Main Roads, have decided to form the A.V.A.

HAVING observed the unbridled enthusiasm with which Australians rush to the scene of our crashes, drownings and such similar occurrences, and also having observed the lively ranks crowding round the dead and injured and also having observed the disappointment of those spectators not obtaining a satisfactory view, it has become apparent to us the urgent need for the organization of these above-mentioned spectators into an efficient association to enable them to gain full enjoyment and satisfaction from their stimulating Pastime.

HENCE the formation of A.V.A., to promote and cater for the superior viewing of accidents. For a small subscription A.V.A. will provide the following services:

1. Special buses to rush Association members to the BEST AND BLOODIEST accidents.
2. The speedy action of Roadlights and Grandstands to guarantee comfortable and unimpeded viewing.
3. Provision by our caterers of Light Refreshments at the scene.
4. To assure excellent viewing conditions, the Department of Main Roads will erect misleading signs, mazes of roadworks and constantly change the direction of One Way streets.
5. As a special offer to our Seafaring Members the Association will hold cruises, to follow at a safe distance our Royal Australian Navy when on practice manoeuvres.

ALSO

6. For those members, or those unable to join the above mentioned activities, special seats will be reserved in the waiting-rooms of the casualty wards of all the major hospitals.

Don't forget to bring your Colour Camera!

Form in Accident Application
Philip Perry,
President

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back bar of the Rex, but
the Chairman really is much
more one of the most
more with the times.
I AM extremely well
preserved for my age and
I really have got a reputation
I always have

am so popular especially
with the young people. I do
so judge myself.

I work
in an extremely AGENT-GRADE advertising
agency and I hold an extremely good
position ... even if I do say so myself
and I have an absolutely MAD little
tomb house in Paddington. It's just
too too DIVINE. It was really nothing
where I got it, and so cheap. Too and
Vince are going to do a certain feature on
it and I'm just too lucky for words
and I just simply love having dinner little

dinner parties. I had a too too dinner
boy from the office up for dinner last
night square of course. They always
are but really, he was SO divine.

After marriage I had a very serious
discussion with him, a man to man talk
really. If he wanted to become anything
in life it would be very much to the disadvantage
of the child's advantage to be ... well to play
along, to find it himself (oh dear I do so
hate feeling things wrong, is so terrible) (I'm
so dear child I do find myself) at being
so influential at the office. I mean
just look at all the great people who were
Lords in Paris, Washington, etc.

the Great, Queen, Somerset, etc. etc. etc.
little Socrates' dear child one
could go on for ever well just look
at me for instance or another mention?
oh yes it does speak for
itself, doesn't it? and of course
everyone, simply everyone has it on him.
It's just that that's all why even
your father dear child. Now! Now!
don't get cross. It's quite natural
understand. THERE THERE
Now if all these great men were I couldn't
be today now could it? And if your
father and don't make it, it would be a
curious not to find out what your
really like. Wouldn't it?

I have an absolutely DIVINE little
book in my bedroom you would like
to have just a little book, wouldn't
you? you NASTY NASTY little
SQUARE? calling me a little hick!

A Short Round of the Camps

Q: Still reason for the Beatles' amazing success is that they are camp. By camp I don't mean that they are perverse. I am stressing the term to describe mannerisms and dress habits rather than sexual activity.

Just look at a description of the Beatles. They are *pretty boys with long hair and wear tight black tailored clothes they display a few mannerisms which seem a shade on the feminine side, and on the basis of their long names of hair*.

Rings are worn four rings on one hand and a gold watch fanglet on each wrist. The others float rings on silver silver finger.

The popularity of the Beatles is just another example of the heterosexuality of camp behaviour these days. In Sydney alone this has had pronounced effects. Browners are all perverts and raffish, and the colours of men's clothing have long gone beyond the dull brown-blue grey of the post-war period. Rings are fashionable for men, and who would have thought ten years ago that it would become fashionable for men to bleach their hair? Newsdays, gentlemen prefer blonds.

Another incredible aspect of the fashionability of camp behaviour is the up surge in camp revues around Sydney. There is little cause for or anything else, the sole entertainment is in the fact that the performers are men in drag.

This is a sad comment on Sydney alone because last drag numbers have been the mainstay of show business for centuries. I need not refer to Shakespeare's boys in drag or the popularity of Chubby Chase but remember the Kewes of the early post-war period? They were the first really successful drag men. Refused serious men who had been putting on drag during the Japanese war, poems got together and put on a full-scale show at which post-farmers did not drag members and camp drags in which one man succeeded another (in drag).

My mother took me to see this show and then started me off on a theatre lock.

which I'm still trying to shake off. I don't think it was a camp matter, of the show that named me on, but I wanted things to see all the Tinseltown shows and they did not appear. Apart from all the shake-ups which I accepted immediately, a feature of all these shows was always someone like George Wallace or Ray Mona in drag. These old comedians would come up and talk about the show, goading each other and having the time of their lives with all sorts of children accompanying as hand props. This old form of drag act is still perpetuated in performance for children.

It has now become obvious to me that drag numbers are necessary for success in theatre. I produced a show not so long ago called *Waiting for Godot*, about a couple of old ponies who sat about on stage for a couple of hours with nothing to do. Twice a young boy comes along and they try to get off with him but both times he runs away. Otherwise the show is a long bore.

Now it has occurred to me that this show really does have audience-attracting potential. If the two ponies were in drag instead of the old rags they wear, then the play would be a smash as box office instead of the unpleasant old bore that it is. Or perhaps if the two old ponies were played by young couples in drag, who change would be improved.

Elle-mère is in these days. No one wants hairy old whiskers, considering these—boys in drag have much more appeal. This is the post-war generation and a lot happened in the war that changed our values. Cut off from women in Korea and POW camps, soldiers went homosexual and were celebrated by men in drag. A fashion was established which today has become the norm. Some old governments will be putting the camp law. Although what used to be called paedophile children are now worn by everybody in the entertainment business, and even shoulder-length hair and dresses will be the order of the day.

—ALBU



General Mr Hardy

Hardy tells me after all this time, no matter how you come to see you, that he says you get to see me and clearly in case it is a last reflection or something. (Hardy says) I am just doing to read ten years from now will tell me you and the tales of Captain Hardy were true and had the other little blue pencils. And I don't want to get down under with you, even the body as college say that normal healthy Australians couldn't see less, unless literature or anything really so we could play these words and other tips and since you're a female you probably got them gone and suggest me all that.

Yes now, heart Darling.

Edie

THIS MONTH IN CENSORSHIP

- February 12. Professor Lyle Hill, of Michigan State University, writing in the *World*, commented that the Customs Department had not notified him of the interception of books, even though the sender's name was clearly marked on the parcel. This small incident is only part of a larger whole which should be of great concern to all Australian. Politicians, businessmen and university administrators are overwhelmingly becoming the "brain drain" from Australia, with failing to realize that the majority is in their own hands. Until they create an atmosphere of intellectual liberty and enlightenment the "brain drain" will continue.
- On the same day, almost as if to underline Professor Hill's comments about the lack of enlightenment, SM Feather-

stone at CofS Harbour ruled that the word "Bobby" was indecent and fined a man accordingly. This action seemed early moral censure, comment. One of the greatest violations on the English language described the decision as "unbelievable".

- February 13. It was announced that Dr Brownson, of the Australian National University, had decided to use Lollis as a reading text for his American literature students.
- February 19. Ken Buckley, of the Council for Civil Liberties, writing to the *World*, explained that the Customs Regulations provide for the seizure of literature, which, by words or pictures, or partly by words and partly by pictures, in the opinion of the Minister or specially appointed members

of the, however, violence or crime, or its is likely to encourage degeneracy.

He explained that the Council had set up a committee of one Quaker's Council and one barrister to investigate the possibility of testing in court the Customs Minister's decision to ban James Baldwin's *Another Country*. However, it was found that no money could be made at the Minister's decision as the department had only to prove that the Minister had formed the opinion required by the regulations.

- February 22. Martin Sharp's violent cartoons in *Illustrated* provided a violent reaction from Eustacia Barry, housewife. Eric Rasmussen and Mr Darby M.L. A Vice Squad officials are now investigating to decide who should be prosecuted.

HELP SAVE ART

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS CALWELL is now 67 and many think at the end of his political career. If he, veteran of twenty years' rough-and-tumble Labor politics, is to be dragged down in another caucus coup, it will be a fitting climax to a career of reversed fortunes in which he has seen his former spiritual hero (Menzies) condemn him to electoral failure and his life-long bitter enemy ("The Sydney Morning Herald") carry him almost to electoral victory.

The irony and the man are typical of the party, a weird mixture of humble self-service and arrogant bluntness.

It is in the dark war years of 1944 that Arthur first rose to public prominence. At that time he was Minister for Information in the Curtin government and the "infamous article" that wouldn't stop rocking the Labour boat.

It was the time of the Nationalist-Senate. Charlie had gained victory with his promise of unity at the face of a Maritime-County Party split and with the judge of not carrying out nationalisation. However, Arthur and Eddie Ward appeared to head a group that wanted to use the war as an excuse for nationalisation.

Hardly a month went by that the Press

did not find some indignation to spare Arthur with Mr Forde, the Acting Prime Minister during Curtin's absence overseas, seems to have expended a good deal of his war effort on his first apologetic for what the Press called "his very poor Minister".

The more he was criticised, the fiercer became Arthur's determination to smash back at the Press that the war doomed to failure. In April the High Court ordered his attempt at representative co-sponsorship.

During all this turmoil, Arthur never lost the love or respect of staunch Labor supporters and, in particular, his

own Melbourne electorate, which he once described as "one of the poorest in Australia". These people no doubt felt, as he himself did, that the Press were abusing their power and they rallied round their hero.

On June 25, 1944, more than 1,500 men and women attended a "commemorative social" at Melbourne Town Hall as he honored. The chairman explained that the social was intended "as a fit



Great moments in Arthur's career

"ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA FAIR" CULP

In 1943, Arthur managed to persuade the representatives of various picture agencies to have "Advance Australia Fair", "God Save the King" and "The Star-Spangled Banner" all played at the end of each performance. He explained: "It will help develop an Australian national spirit."



On December 4, the "Herald" gleefully reported:

"Although 'Advance Australia Fair' has been played by the ABC at least four times a day for more than three years, there are apparently many people in Sydney who do not know the tune."

"At the Plaza Theatre, at the end of the performance last night, a picture of The King was thrown on the screen and 'God Save the King' was played. The audience stood still."

"At the end of the National Anthem, 'Advance Australia Fair' was played on a Wallaroo screen, and the people who stood during the National Anthem immediately put on their hats and began moving from the theatre."

After a general outburst, the Acting

Prime Minister, Mr Forde, explained that there was no competition on the theatre program. Arthur commented: "I did not suggest 'Advance Australia' was fine poetry, but its sentiments, at any rate, are excellent."

THE 1942 A.L.P. FAUX PAS

Addressing an Old Boys' luncheon, Arthur was incensed enough to say that many young and mean middle-aged men joined the 1942 A.L.P. to be placed on a payroll. He went on to say that when this was over they would not want to be told when they could go home. They would probably find their own way home.

The "Herald" commented: "If Mr H with a Cabinet Minister's authority to encourage, every adequately, subordinates in the Army." The R.M. President, Mr Holland, was even harsher, complaining of "a lot on the motives of men who volunteered. If this is the kind of men who volunteer, the Minister gets out, it is a pity he cannot be censured himself."

THE HIGH COURT INDIGNIFICATION

In 1944, when a High Court decision was made against Arthur and in favour of the Press which he had tried to control, he claimed "The case was presided over the other" and that two of the justices "these were their sons when they took their seats on the High Court Bench and openly instructed for the Press."

Mr Forde, speaking on a common motion against Arthur's policy put that down to "lack of parliamentary government" and explained that at least Arthur had had the decency to praise the Chief Justice "With all he had in power of the undoubted impartiality of our de-

signed Chief Justice. I wholeheartedly agree, but Mr Calwell then proceeded to make some comparisons in his characteristic style which I will not repeat here" (November 29, 1944).

ATTACK ON CARDINAL GILBERT

When in December, 1945 Cardinal Gilbert's elevation was announced Arthur with his by now customary sense of irony, proclaimed that the appointment "will be received with very mixed feelings by Catholics in Australia. While there will be congratulations for the new cardinal, widespread consternation and bitter resentment will be felt that the honoree, which rightly belonged to the great Archbishop of Melbourne, Dr Mannion, shall have gone elsewhere and to a comparatively junior member of the Australian hierarchy."

In reply Mr Justice Brennan, of the Queensland Supreme Court, said: "Mr Calwell's criticism of the impending elevation of Dr Gilbert to the Council of Cardinals is arrogant and unwarranted. Mr Calwell's assumption to speak on behalf of the Roman Catholics of Australia is unwarranted and exaggerated vanity."

THE MAN OF LEAST DISTINCTION FOR 1948

During his last weeks as Minister for Immigration after a series of rather violent attacks on Australia the "Hong Kong Standard" was fit to award our Arthur "the man of least distinction for 1948."

The criticism: "What we particularly admire is the whole-hearted manner in which he has defended the policy of Asian exclusion giving little regard to such magnificent nations as Japan, Germany or even commonwealth."

THUR

but for the wonderful work Mr Calwell has performed and for the fight he put up to maintain the liberty of the Press."

Here in essence was the true Arthur Calwell, the man of the people amongst his people.

"For anything I have done in recent years I make no apology. Nothing that I have said or done I withdraw. Because all the time I have been torn by only one motive — saving the conscience of the people of Australia. I am no different from any of my colleagues. Other members of the Federal Parliament on the platform would also have taken the same broad patriotic attitude that I did."

With the conclusion of the war Arthur re-assembled his energies into the Immigration portfolio. It was a tedious task. The shortage of transport available meant that he had the unpopular job, for example, of restricting the travel of Australian sportsmen and the entrance of the White Australia Policy on the Party creed gave him the responsibility of leading many Austons who had managed to put down fairly strong roots here during the war years.

He went about the task of removing sympathisers with a zeal that almost made him a marked man in some countries. He decided Sydney's Chinese to a park of desecration connecting with penitence. He antagonised Asia with such remarks as "You can have a White Australia or a Black Australia, but a mongrel Australia is impossible" and Halliday with his observation that "British officials in this country have been playing a tricky game about the repatriation of their citizens and the payment of their debts. They owe us thousands of pounds for repatriation of these citizens, but they claim this is a sort of land-bomb."

The "Hong Kong Standard" chose him as "the man of least dimension for 1949". After the Gambia case, when the opinion accused him of racial prejudice, then Consul in Australia decided to call his baby grandson Arthur.

"We are calling him Arthur in affectionate remembrance of Mr Calwell," he added with a laugh that seemed to be shared with many. "Mr Calwell does not know about it yet." (SABRE, July 21/1951)

In 1948 he landed over his portfolio as Harold Holt with the fall of the Labor government. The non-communist man — formed by his former idol, Dr Menzies — has kept him and his party on the opposition benches ever since.

Occasionally we obtain glimpses of Arthur's family. At a 1935 Port Melbourne rally, after a speaker had chided Arthur was on the side of the Communists, his brother George shouted at the speaker: "I wish your brother Bert was alive, he would strike you". In 1948 his 11-year-old son died of a rare blood disease when fifteen weeks' illness. His wife, coinciding at his side in the wild land of woman, yet would support. In the bosom of his family, Arthur Calwell is all that a former age strove



for. A self-made man, yet not given too proud to deny his humble beginnings; a fluent and gifted orator, never afraid to speak his mind, a trifle, indolent and cunning. If he views the chaos of his party, so too are his faults—his crudelity and pigskin, his lack of sophis-

ticism, sense of timing or social grace, his out-dated political vision.

A political party needs the leader who characterises best its strengths and weaknesses. Where could the Australian Labor Party find another Arthur Calwell?

ARTHUR VERSUS THE PRESS



No one in recent politics—with the possible exception of the late Eddie Ward—has ever carried to such extremes and with such personal animosity his hostility to the Australian Press as our Arthur during his tenure of the Ministry of Information during the last two years of World War II.

On December 15 '43, Arthur launched his first great diatribe against the Press.

With some notable exceptions, the *Australian Press* has played an important part in this war. It has—unhappily—complained against practically every Minister and every war department appear almost daily in some newspaper. Every effort of every department which represents the nation has not in general of its birth by deliberate newspaper attempts to mislead, abuse and misrepresent the minds of the public.

Great Sydney Newspaper Seizure

The aim of this whole business was the question of censorship which was supposed ought to have resulted in pen-



cils run to the enemy. Under Arthur's direction, censorship became particularly strict and the newspapers were forbidden either to mention that censorship was being carried out or to leave blanks to show its extent.

Finally, on April 16, '44, the whole business blew over. In an interchange of statements by Calwell and Henderson (at that time President of the Australian Newspaper Proprietors' Association) in the "Sunday Telegraph" Henderson's statement was attacked by the censor and an additional demand. The war was subsequently wound when the editor refused to fill up the sensible gaps left on the first and third pages.

On the Monday, all four Sydney newspapers were suppressed for attempting to publish what had taken place the previous day. At this extraordinary moment there were 400,000 readers in Press Offices, delayed letter despatch at gun-point.

In the afternoon the High Court, on application from the newspapers, re-

voked the Censor from preventing publication of articles and columns relating to the previous censorship.

The Calwell-Henderson Marriage

At the outbreak of December, 1943, the "Sunday Morning Herald" and Sydney "Sun" both under the control of "that Gough-like creature, Henderson", decided to pursue a policy of almost twenty years' standing and support the Labor Party in the Federal elections.

Henderson, delivered his policy speech on a Wednesday. The "Thursday Sun" and "Herald" described it as "a policy speech without a policy". They found his "lofty pretensions" and "ambitious complexities" not only "shocking" but "distressing". On the same day Arthur delivered his very first policy speech as Federal Leader and on Friday the *Financial Review* had discovered "a genuine and possible alternative". "To a great many Australians, indeed, Mr. Calwell's bold and positive approach will come as a breath of

fresh air after a long stagnation of Government thinking."

Two days later the "Sunday Mirror" published probably the most famous piece of satirical journalism in Sydney's history. Under the heading "BROADWAY VILLAGE 1944" it printed the Calwell-Henderson Wedding Notice and under MR. HENRY'S BIRTHDAY a picture of Arthur's Commemorative car at the Sun-Herald Building.

On page three we find GRANNY MISS MISS HILL—PINK and MARY WALK BATTLE HILL.

The "Mirror" commented: "The Calwell-Henderson political wedding attracted wide attention on Friday as the youngest and possibly least glamorous of the nation."

The Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies, was at Waga and could not attend. In fact, he was not asked.

The terms of the marriage settlement are not disclosed. Granny Morda, however, is known to have been unusually generous.

The "Broadway Mail" failed to suggest long. Arthur lost this election by a short vote but could not arrive. Grannys' sympathy long enough for support in 1953.

His greatest speech

Arthur's Yonaki speech is considered by many his best.

At the end of the war, the Japanese and Chinese who had been detained in camps in this country had to be returned to their homelands. The "Yonaki" was one of the ships to embark. It was a rather dilapidated old hulk which had been captured in 1939 POWs and internees. One hundred were Formosan women and 112 were children. Of the women fifteen were striptear cases and two were pregnant.

The Press stage-managed a public outcry against the appallingly overcrowded and insanitary conditions on board.

This is a "World" about from beginning to end. I have not the slightest doubt on the day of "The Sydney Morning Herald" and the *Sydney Sun* that if the Japanese had landed in Australia—as I have not the slightest doubt they would have done if Mr. Menzies had remained Prime Minister—the first to drive their greedy hands up to the Japanese and capitalists would have been the editorial boards of these two papers.

I know that Gough-like creature Henderson. "The Sydney Morning Herald" might not have caused publication. It would have come out next day as "The Sydney Morning Starboard".

(Looming across the table to read to Mr. Menzies) You are the worst pro-

Japanese agent in this country. We don't forget the *Starboard Lane* and the army sent to Japan. You are a scoundrel and a traitor.

(Addressed by Speaker to a speaker) I apologise but I remind you that Mr. Menzies has called me a piece of swine. I don't ask him to apologise because I treat him with absolute contempt. (Continuing) We saw in the *Sydney Sun* that Mr. "Yonaki" was sailing into a cyclone, and the *Sydney Morning Herald* had a *sun* heavy rain. It never was.

That was nothing else but an editorial fabrication.

Mr. Anthony went to a cheap perfume shop and said that when he was young his feet tick. No one believes that. If the handsome member was tick I will tell you what made him—

MR. ANTHONY: You did. ARTHUR: My *Anthony* was tickled by the sight of so much cheap labour leaving Australia and his human plantations.



Ludwig Van Beethoven

Ludwig van Beethoven was the son of a shoemaker and musician, and a cook.

His own words:
"I am not
a genius, but
I am a man
of great
talent."

His own words:
"I am not
a genius, but
I am a man
of great
talent."

I like his music
it's so good

and not overdone

but, wait
it's better
my
young

the father
and of his
young

LUDWIG BEETHOVEN WAS A MAN
OF CHARACTER AND DISCREET
INTEGRITY

It made my
character and I got
what I wanted a fortune

Oh
my
own

At the lecture reading
Ludwig began a son of a
poet, and a poet, and a poet,
a poet, and a poet, and a poet,
a poet, and a poet, and a poet,

Oh
my
own

A. V. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

Ludwig Beethoven is a combined religious and
political, of course, in my old opinion.

Oh
my
own

Speak a little
louder children,
you'll make me
deaf. I'm
going deaf.

Stand up



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Nice fellow, actually!
Shame he didn't use
"Formal Wear."



It's really a shame, after all he used the right tools—the right deskband, the right after-shave selection. Yet for a mere glance he could have gone in style if he'd discovered "Formal Wear" Fitting Service in time. (We must admit though—it's good to see a few brave individuals still coast—embarrassing though they may be.)

to catch a thief

CAN burglary and big business differ only in complexity, the task of both is to get broke A's possessions into broke B's family vault.

I myself prefer cat burglary. It has all the directions of honesty, without, happily, any of the concomitant miseries. For whereas honest people starve, cat-burglars die young and are spared their lot. In my many years as a window cat-burglar (nearly half a century) — like burgling cats' own home because you're too drunk to find the door key) I have observed several interesting facts. Gather round.

First of all, nobody believes you're really there. Spend an evening standing around a roof some full-moon night and see what I mean. Witnesses in restaurants will peer up at you and then look away embarrassed, walking on. I have walked in the broad daylight of a sober Sunday along a window ledge with half a dozen mountainous window sills, swamped aside to drink a fringe of limonade and cheese, and come out with a bulging shirt to pass quiet words with them and drift off unperceived. The worst burglars burgle in the nude.

Missing their invisibility in these parts nonetheless.

Secondly: The surest way to conceal a theft is to talk about it. When the

gown behind the counter says "Can I help you, sir?" tell him "No, thanks, just doing a bit of shoplifting" and he'll grin and leave you quietly alone.

During university years two years ago I was broke and much in need of books. So I used to take a laundry bag into the university library, fill it up with books and drop it out the window. (The library is on the first floor.) One day I met a porterage. Heavier at the bus stop and a startled waiting man asked the book that the laundry bag I was carrying was full of library books. Where upon the official flushed and went away. No more was heard of him.

Third, an eye thinking. Pretty soon I wrote for the university paper a playlet about the woes of an average library thief. The hero's name was Bill, so no one at his right mind could consider the reference. By then means I diverted suspicion away from myself and was able to take my laundry bag in and out of the library for ever after without so much as a peep of disapproval.

Then Maxine Two. To divert suspicion, confess the theft and do it loud and often.

Also I found that if you want to go about your business relatively untroubled, it is best to first establish yourself in the public mind as a dashing young cat-burglar-about town. Be seen struggling at your kitchen window as often as possible or scrambling up your girlfriend's dressings as a social call. Enter via your victim's chimney to get her about the ideological deviations of

Santa Claus. Be found sitting in your neighbour's pantry shell when borrowing a cup of sugar. It will then fall out that, when you are, in fact, not looking, people who know you will observe you, saying "Oh, that's just little. Quite a character, isn't he?"

Then, Maxine Three: Look for him in public, but grin in private and people forgetting the lesson, will forgive the greater sin.

Be adventurous as possible. The more perilous your stunts, the likelier your escape. One night when I was not burgling (prying with a woman, actually) I had the bad taste to bring my breakfast along. Since I figured a ship would look a ring coming through a second-story window carrying a breakfast, I jumped it over a neighbouring fence but it was caught. The damn thing had my initials on it too, as well as being purged with personal documents.

This situation smelted of ten years in the jail. But taking heart in the fact I looked down a moderate slope to the front door of the house, I planned to knock and brave it out. But, no plan was my fortune. Just as I opened my front-door knock, behind the panel, the letter was up. So I slipped it and went on my way — scolding, if I remember.

If you want a philosophical rationale of burglary, it goes like this. All art is transmutation of property from before to now. The poet, painter, writer, does it through the filter of his personality, producing representations of it in dialogue, parchment, stone. The burglar does it simply, employs no filter. Hence, the burglar is the perfect artist, for his art is total. Try that one at the cocktail par last time.

— BOB ELLIS

Round the World on a Limerick

Grant Nichol

FRANCE

A long limerick Frenchman, he Gladly
Had a telegram sent by Pope Paul

I really can't stand your
Useless of grammar:
Now shut up and try and play ball

INDONESIA

Swore a diplomat who lived in Djakarta
(Well known as an anti-French survey)

'Tis nice all Indonesians
From maps of East Asia
With letters I borrowed from Sparta

GHANA

A limerick called Kwame Nkrumah
Was named with a hero name of America
He and with a nod

"Yes, it's true that I'm God
That I'm Jesus is only a bad punner

EGYPT

Spoke a trait for the land of the Sphinx
Where pharaohs lead to the pyramids
Ah! Egypt, you're round
We will quickly realize
Those who will live his pharaohs seek

RUSSIA

A bald-headed Russian, Nikita,
Wrote down on his letter to St. Peter
I hate Berlinism

And China, Albania
But I'd trade the Ukraine for Leningrad



what
ever happened
to

SSSSSSSYDNEY??

TRAVELLERS like to tell each other: "You can't really know a place until you live in it." I lived in Sydney most of my life and considered it pretty, pleasant and passé.

Writers are forever telling people: "One can't really tell what a place is like till one leaves it." So I left Sydney.

Depending on one's whereabouts and circumstances, I remembered Sydney as a dirty nuisance (polluting in boats and steaming-punk air, in India), cruel and cunning (on the ancient monument crick in Italy and Spain), a woman's paradise, a hostess, Utopia stocked with beautiful warty badonnets and good, cheap restaurants (down-and-out in London and High Wycombe), as good a place as any to die (stricken with a ulcer of Ulcus and pneumonia in the United Arab Republic).

So I came back these years later. And let me tell you—we've all been wrong. A city renowned is now with the unfamiliar clarity of a painting held to a mirror.

I saw Sydney as being more Asian in feeling than European (try telling that to the Minister for Immigration), looser than Paris, more cosmopolitan than London, with better taste than Spain, less post-war power than Cairo.

And that's not all. I returned about Sydney. Just what has been going on lately? Apart from the obvious new buildings, Charles Hilton's swimming pool and

Upton's Bayings (as it was he was engaged by a diva's Sydney these evidence of having been put in?

From "Wherever happened to The Sign of the Cross?" The drive down William Street is just not the same with the symbolic Dunlop and unadorned. A possible explanation is that it is covered by the community showed them directly by mouth.

And from what over-weight imagine story blossomed the William Street discharges? A few Venus Phipps in one nervous minute would be a marvellous natural situation.

Then, War, Day or Made a Night of it. Dismissed. The Rushmore and sent the same are now. They were in fact had a bill with Rushmore Norton, removed her records (with Quick Strip and body water, no doubt) and installed plenty of chrome and a cover charge. As if that wasn't enough they went and began a member of the Dean's Club. And the end of an era!

The George too, has been at it. They have done things with their lights (R&B pay you and also as with when you are drinking) and opened up their side-balls for business. The door is a clever mixture of damage pipes and old Liber turbines. I bet Eddie Wallford wishes he had thought of that first.

And something nasty has happened to the Push's famous night house. Apart from making the mistake of putting old women into new jackets, they have topped the mainstage by a couple of beds and taken to giving their Arts specialists with flaming despair. At this rate one will be unable to live on Utopian, more finally.

Kings Cross is disenchanted. Once upon a time it had a secure, homotown-kind of sure. A meeting room kind of basement, but home all the same. Coffee-shop acquaintances were easily

formed. One could always find someone who wanted to talk life, compare modern models for a life class, give the address of a party, join one in a bar or outside past. The only deviation was on New Year's Eve when every Fred Ald and Sher came to "last at the fountain" and defiance in doorway. The natives streaked up on gray and burned down the bushes till everyone went away.

Now nearly every night is like New Year's Eve. Maybe the anti-socialist group perhaps have succeeded in taking Young Australia off the suburban streets. I cannot tell.

One little drawback of nonconformity has popped up at the Cross. It's a strip, midday-midnight place that defiantly advertises on "All Girl Show". It's not that they are playing a smart. They know that men they will cash in on their novelty value as the only non-dog show the side of the ribbon-pool fence. They'll change their sign to "Real Girl Show" and the huge cover charges on Sydney's newest variety group — the confirmed heterosexual?

And drag down's stay behind four-lyths either. I can remember when drag scenes only public appearance were at Mince and Artistic Balls. Now the only way to tell the sex of the Marina Road-Fair-and-Pink-Thru-Side, in the Supermarket store is to look at the legs. If they are hairy it's female.

Obviously it is all a cruel plot to render women redundant? Even the Sydney Council is siding and abetting the plot. Why else the gesture of turning up the sunrooms of the Archibald Fountain (obviously indicating that nothing is so least necessary) and planting banks of power?

By the time Sydney Square is finished it should be the only one left in town.

—A.H.



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These are the books that Hitler burned



From left, Frau Goebbels, glancing out of the bonfire of the books, to right, Goebbels, May 10, 1936.

"Some books," said Bacon, "are to be read, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." "Agreed," replied Adolf, "but they must first be cooked." And, indeed, he held a barbecue. A book barbecue. Probably the most celebrated social event of all time. (Grooming guests painted above.) Even Bacon cooked on Hitler's spit. Plato, Copernicus, Voltaire, Freud (rather overdone). Darwin and many other rare delicacies were barbecued by the German host. Much thought for food indeed! And now Hitler's very own gourmet recipe can be yours. . . . These Great Books contain the same ingredients that made his supper



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